

The Third Degree

Ordeal of Two Brothers
Accused of Murder

By JAMES L. TOMLINSON

"If a policeman," said the retired detective, "should walk into this room and arrest me on a charge of murder do you suppose I would laugh at him, or do you suppose that I would simply consider that I would be put to a temporary inconvenience? Not by any means. I should consider the chances for or against my conviction to be about even."

"That's strange," I replied. "I supposed you detectives, being used to getting at the bottom of things, are always sure of guilt or innocence."

"Suppose we are sure ourselves, haven't we to convince a jury, and are there not detectives employed to secure evidence on the other side?"

"Wouldn't the knowledge that you were innocent be a great advantage?"

"I wouldn't even possess any such knowledge. How would I know but that I had developed a criminal insanity? Do you suppose the criminally insane know that they have committed a murder? I have known a man to wake up in jail the morning after publicly killing several persons at once and, having been chased by a mob, express himself surprised at finding himself in a strange place. His antecedents showed insanity in three generations."

"The most remarkable mixup I ever met with in a murder case happened when I was a young man living in Ohio. The town of B. where it occurred, had but five or six thousand inhabitants, and any comparatively unimportant happening was noticed, discussed and in time, if not cleared up,



THEY MARCHED THE MURDERED MAN UP TO THE COURT.

would set the whole town agog. Tom and Dick Emory, brothers, got into a squabble with Nathan Goodrich about some money Goodrich owed the Emorys. Dick Emory had a heavy cane in his hand at the time and attacked Goodrich with it. Bystanders interfered. Tom, who started to assist his brother, was prevented from doing so, after which the fracas subsided, and the little crowd that had collected, including the participants, dispersed.

"That was the last seen of Nathan Goodrich in B. It was naturally inferred, considering the trouble that had occurred between him and the Emorys, that they had followed him up later, the quarrel had been renewed, Goodrich had been killed and rather than face a trial for murder the brothers had disposed of the body and kept the affair a secret. But as there was no evidence to this effect they were not arrested—indeed, not even accused—but they lived under suspicion, which is often more harrowing than an open accusation."

"Several years passed with no tidings of Goodrich. The Emory boys, whatever may have been their feelings at knowing the odium attached to them, remained in B., pursuing the even tenor of their way. They had their friends, who defended them. There were those who shook their heads and said nothing, and there were those who averred that murder will out and the day would come when the missing away with Goodrich would be laid at their door."

"And so it happened. How do you suppose it was brought about? A superannuated aunt of the missing man dreamed that Goodrich appeared to her, told her that the Emory boys had killed her nephew when he was alone in his own home and buried his body in the cellar. The only person who paid any attention to this superstition was the man who lived in the house that Goodrich had occupied. He dug in the cellar in a portion which was not cemented and found a suspender buckle, an old jackknife and a button. The articles he turned over to the po-

lice, who at once began to make investigation concerning them and proved to their own satisfaction that they had each and all belonged to Nathan Goodrich.

"On this evidence, which had been revealed by a dream, but which was in itself laughable, the Emory brothers were arrested. They had been enduring a strain in the matter for years, and now that the storm had broken were both unmanned. Dick Emory, the younger, looked like a conscience-stricken man who found himself free to face with punishment for crime. His brother seemed better able to stand up under the accusation."

"Then an experiment was tried, something like this third degree business we have nowadays. A clergyman was sent to visit the brothers to talk with them about their spiritual welfare, but really to work upon them to confess. Upon the elder brother he produced no especial effect, but with the younger he succeeded far beyond his expectation. Dick Emory confessed that he and his brother the morning after their quarrel with Goodrich went to his house with a view to obtaining payment of the debt he owed them and taking satisfaction in case they failed. They found him alone and dressing, having just got out of bed. Goodrich did not pay the debt, and Dick Emory cut his throat. Then the brothers dragged the body down into the cellar and burned it."

"When Dick Emory was asked what had become of the body he replied that they had made frequent visits to the cellar whenever they could do so without being discovered; each time taking away a portion of the body and burning it in a woodshed by till the remains had all been consumed."

"Tom Emory was much broken up by his brother's confession, but he persisted in saying that Dick had not told the truth. However, there now being plenty of evidence to convict them, they were placed on trial, and it didn't take the jury very long to find them guilty. Some time after the conviction—I don't remember how long—Tom Emory, under the influence of the clergyman who was preparing the brothers for death, confessed. That satisfied the few who remained unconvinced that Goodrich had been murdered by the Emory boys."

"Nevertheless some of the family connections of the murderers, though they did not attempt to explain away the evidence, stolidly persisted that they didn't believe Goodrich had been murdered at all. One of them, hoping that he might still be alive, began to insert personals for him in the newspapers. The newspapers didn't circulate in those days in the immense volume they do now, though even then there were a good many of them. The first advertisement was followed by others of the convicted men's friends and relatives, and finally the hall got a-rolling and a lot of papers were publishing the personals."

"Finally a communication was sent to a St. Louis paper from somewhere in the interior of Missouri from a woman, stating that a man named Goodrich with 'something the matter with his upper story' had been in the town about six years before. She said that several other citizens remembered him quite well and would know him if they were to see him again. Goodrich is not an uncommon name, so the advertisers placed no great value on the clue. Nevertheless they raised funds for one of their number named Tilford to go to Missouri and make inquiries. When he reached the town where Goodrich was reported to have been and showed those there who remembered him a photograph of the missing man some of them identified it at once, while others said there was no resemblance to the man who had been there."

"Tilford spent several months endeavoring through the newspapers to find another place where the man had been and finally got wind of him in St. Joseph. A person there told him that he had heard of Goodrich in Kansas City, which was then a place of some ten or twelve thousand people. Tilford found traces of him there, but no one seemed to know where he had gone. But having reported his progress so far as he had proceeded, the citizens of B. who had disbelieved that the murder had been committed, while others who, after Tilford got the Goodrich's track were converted, raised more funds. Tilford kept advertising and at last heard of the missing man in Cairo, Ill. He went there, and before he had had an opportunity to communicate with those who had given him the information which brought him he saw Goodrich on the street. He looked much older than when he had left B. and seemed to be in a shattered mental condition."

"Tilford telegraphed ahead that he would be in B. with Goodrich on a certain day and hour, and when the two arrived the whole town was at the station. They marched the murdered man up to the court, which happened to be in session, and called on the judge to issue a release of the Emory boys. There was no precedent for such a release, but the judge didn't dare refuse, so he gave an order to the sheriff to bring the brothers into court."

"The boys got out of jail, but they didn't get into court. They were carried on the shoulders of the citizens to the town hall, where they were stood on the platform with Goodrich beside them, and the mayor offered them a humble apology for their persecution, as he called it, and the town raised a purse of \$2,000 as some compensation for what they had endured."

"How were their confessions explained?" I asked the narrator.

"By finding Goodrich. That's the only explanation for such confessions. Obtaining them as they are often obtained now is simply a return to the medieval plan of torture, only the torture is mental instead of physical."

NEGLIGEE STYLE.

Stunning Tea Coat
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BATISTE AND LACE JACKET.

Deep embroidery flouncing was used for this attractive negligee jacket, revers of the embroidery, edged with lace, turning back to show a little vest of batiste and lace with a cravat of knotted pink ribbon. Lace insertion is used for belt and sleeve trimming.

Regular Habits.

It is a good plan to have a regular time for reading. One accomplishes so much more in this way and besides establishes a kind of intellectual habit that is a good thing in itself. In an hour or even half an hour given regularly each day to reading, a great deal may be accomplished. Do not confine light with heavy reading and do not attempt heavy reading when you are tired. Do not read merely to be amused. Treat your books as friends. Do not follow blindly the teachings of any book.

Contrasting Hems Give Individuality. The deep border or hem, reaching anywhere from knee to hip, is a dominant style note of this season's frocks. This deep hem is becoming to the figure if adroitly proportioned, and only



COSTUME OF SHADED GRAY SATIN.

the slenderest figure may wear the hem reaching clear to the hip, as in this frock of gray satin.

The shades of this costume are neutral and rather somber, according to the Paris fashion, stone and gun metal grays being combined in skirt and bodice.

The bodice is most graceful, the arrangement of the material is clearly shown by the photograph.

The cuffs are of white Calais lace, and a plaited frill of the same lace is fastened by a corset velvet bow, the striking color note of the costume.

White Gaiters Are Worn.

The woman who has pumps and does not wish to get high shoes until late in the winter can now use her cloth gaiters and be very much in style. White ones are quite the fashion, and their rivals are pearl gray. These are worn with the black shoes with all kinds of gowns that are short and for the street.

A HUMAN ENIGMA

The Count of St. Germain, a Famous Old World Impostor.

CLAIMED TO BE IMMORTAL.

He Dazzled the Court of Louis XV. and Said He Had Lived 2,000 Years and Had Concocted an Elixir That Would Keep Him Young and Alive Forever.

One of the greatest impostors in the annals of France and that the court of any nation has had to deal with was the Count of St. Germain, whose life is written down as one long mystery, and tastes much more of fiction than of fact in its relating. Who he was no one knows nor where he came from nor what finally became of him. He suddenly appeared at the French court of Louis XV. in 1748. He had an affable and convincing way about him and succeeded in winning friends. Just who introduced him or how this handsome, brilliant stranger came to be introduced into the court circle is a mystery. It was at the period when the most rigorous etiquette was maintained and ancestry counted for much and every title of nobility had to be thoroughly authenticated before it was accepted.

No one knew St. Germain nor had ever heard of him when he made his debut at the French court, although he spread the report that he was 2,000 years old and was able to convince many of the more susceptible into believing it. He had no records to show that he was entitled to the name of count; he had no visible means of support and yet he took up splendid quarters in Paris and lived at an extravagant rate. The French court had some experience with adventurers and were more or less suspicious; but, in spite of the fact that they knew nothing about him, St. Germain was received with open arms and the king made him his boon companion. Mme. de Pompadour, the reigning beauty of the court, consulted him freely on affairs of state and society. So powerful did he become that dukes and ambassadors were among his closest friends and bitterest foes.

Finally St. Germain's claim to immortality became the general discussion among all who knew him or had heard of him. He claimed that he would never die, for had he not already lived 2,000 years, and naturally he was pointed out as the wonder of the age. He spoke every language then known and one as fluently as the other. He had a positive genius for chemistry and astounded the world by discoveries he made—or pretended to have made—along this line. The most monumental of all his fakes was the story he told of having been born close to 300 years before Christ, he had found age creeping up and determined, through his skill in chemistry, to concoct the liquor that would keep him always alive and young. The man's perfect and intimate knowledge of all history led many people to believe this wild statement. He would relate personal narratives of Nero, Dante, Francis I. and other notables of former centuries.

St. Germain also claimed to possess a secret of turning baser metals into gold and of making precious stones. His untraced wealth and the fact that he fairly blazed with diamonds lent credence to his stories. He was so clever in the workings of his fakes as not to be detected, and he was never proved to be a swindler, a gambler or a spy, though he was charged with being all three.

He was about fifty years old at the time of his appearance at the French court. He carried everything before him while he remained there, but he was restless and finally drifted from court to court and later is credited with having become the boon companion of the Landgrave, Charles of Hesse, and is reported to have died in Schleswig-Holstein in 1780.

But did he die or is he still living? Naturally he is not alive, but no one ever knew what became of him. Grosley, an eminent scientist and fellow of the Royal Society, believed he saw St. Germain in a French prison during the reign of terror in 1794. Lord Lytton in 1860 met a man who seemed the embodiment of the old count. Van Damme writes of a mysterious "major" who was in the court of Louis Napoleon in 1855, who was of no known nationality, of undiscovered origin and with plenty of money from a source none could learn.

A man must have possessed exceptional ability as a faker and must have had the trick down to an art to have fooled such intelligent men as Andrew Lang, Lord Lytton, Grosley and many others, and for that reason he must be put down as one of the most monumental fakes of history.—Philadelphia Press.

The French Monarchy. History concedes that Clovis I. was the real founder of the French monarchy, although his father, Childeric, held some sort of tribal rule over part of the country which was destined to become France. Clovis was a progressive king and vastly extended his domains during the period of his rule, from 481 to 511. He made endless war on surrounding tribes and took territory right and left by conquest. In 486 Clovis took Paris by storm, and thereupon that city became the permanent seat of the French government.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.

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The Pillow as a Safe Deposit.

The good lady who recently discovered the loss of her jewels which for years she had kept under her pillow may have been somewhat consoled by the court's decision that legally they were supposed to be as safe there as in a Safe Deposit Box; but it is quite probable that she now is sorry that she had not selected the Safe Deposit in the first place.

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